

PSALMI PENITENTIALES.

Index to Cockrell

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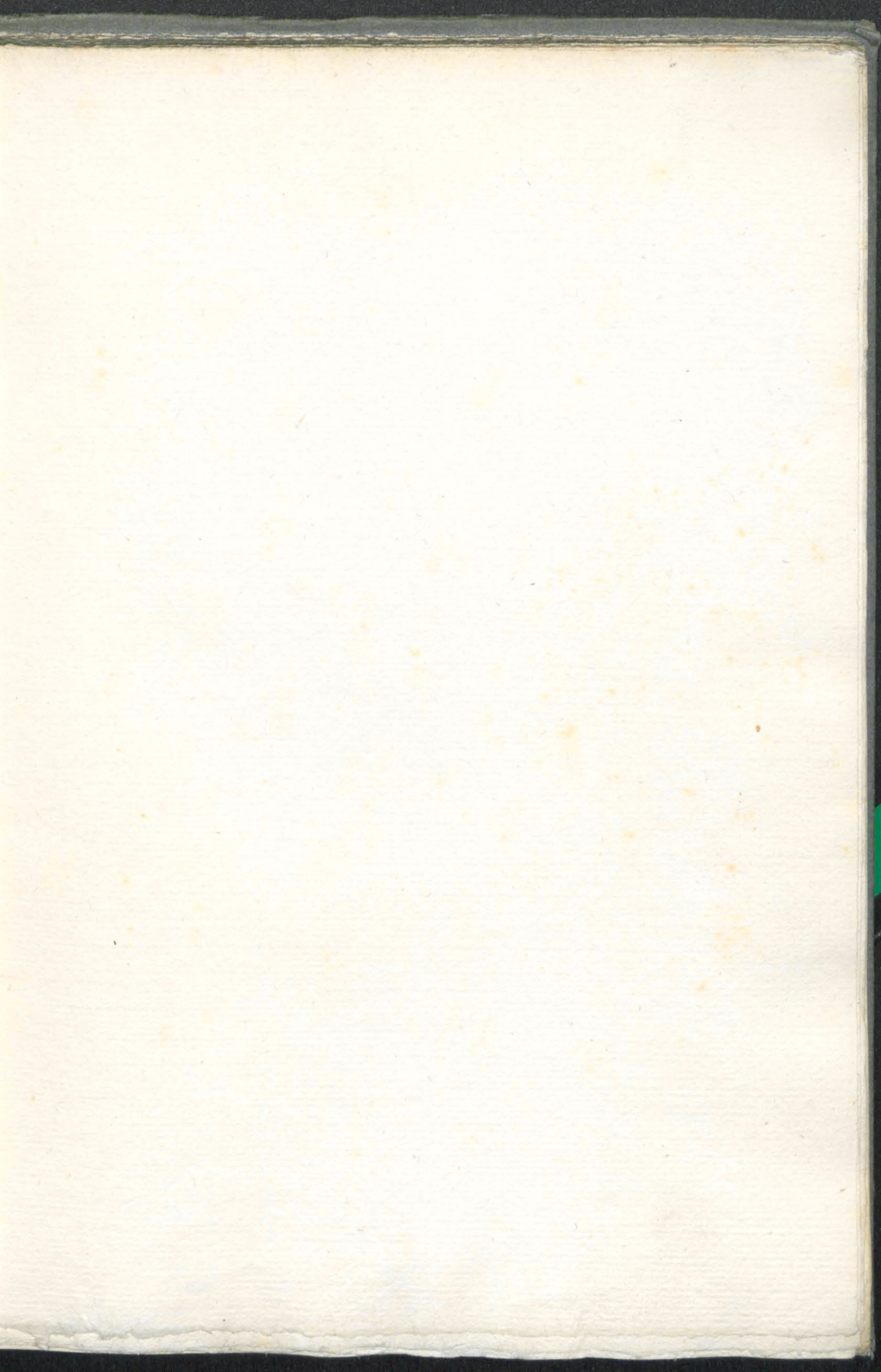
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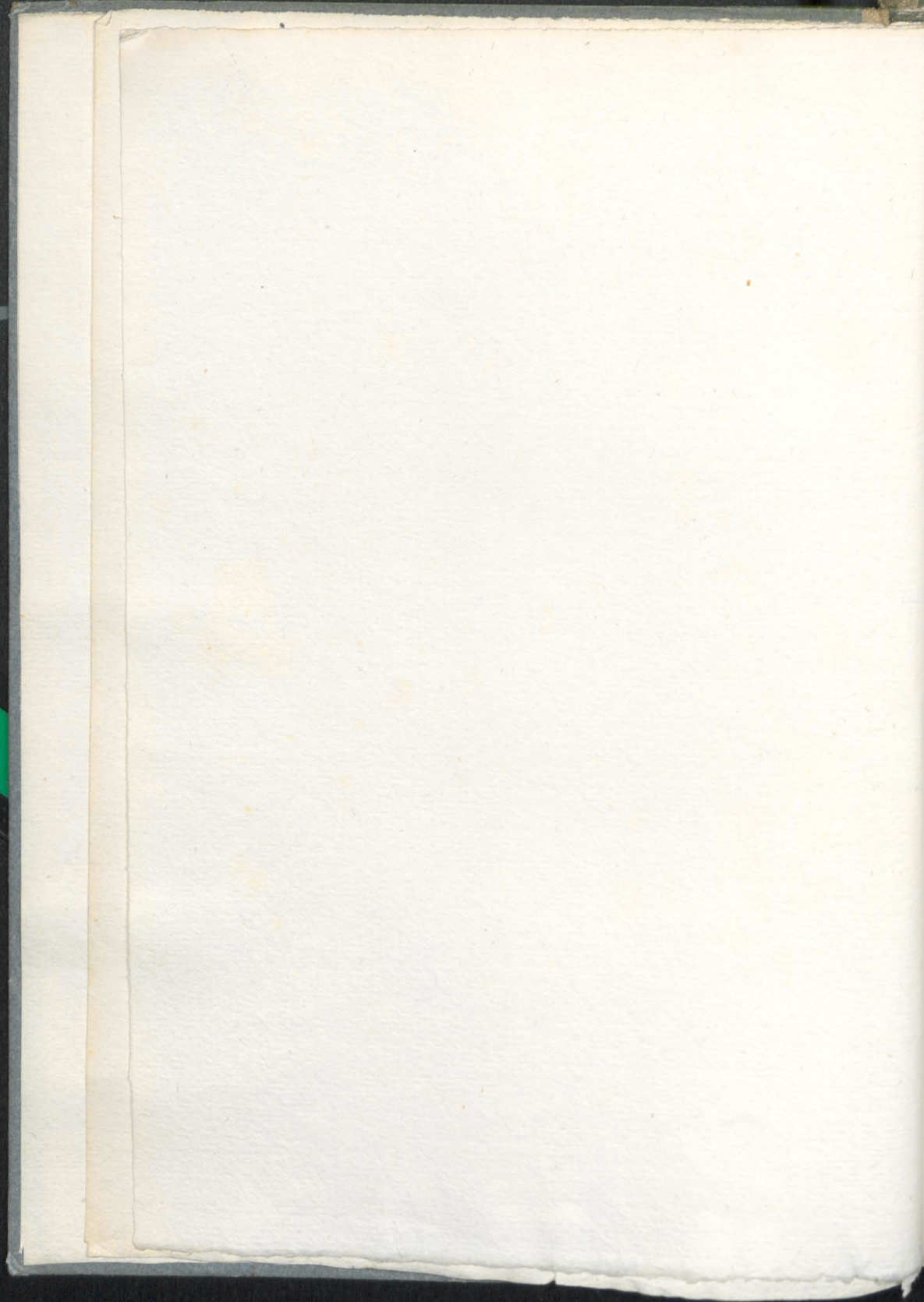
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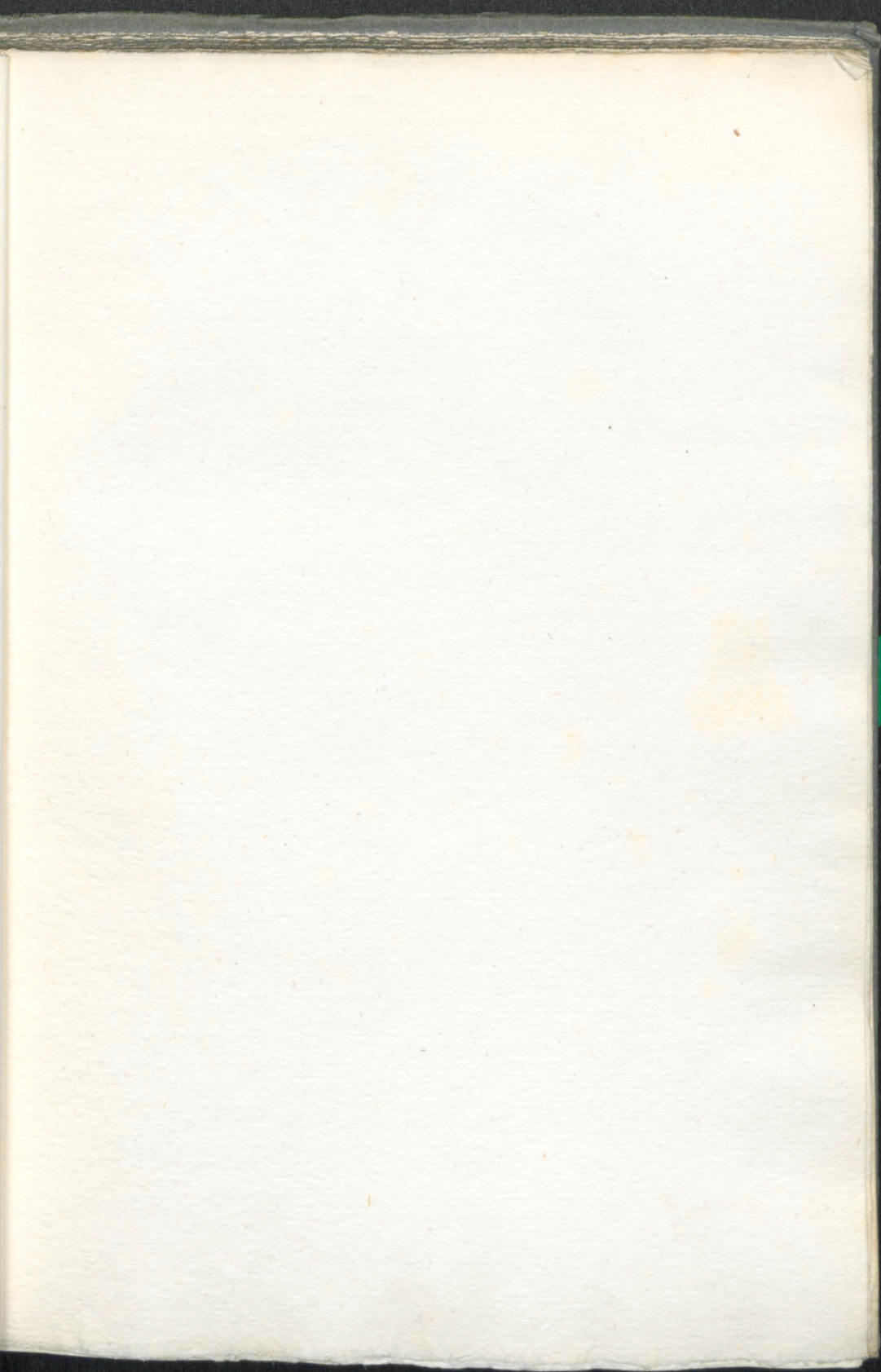
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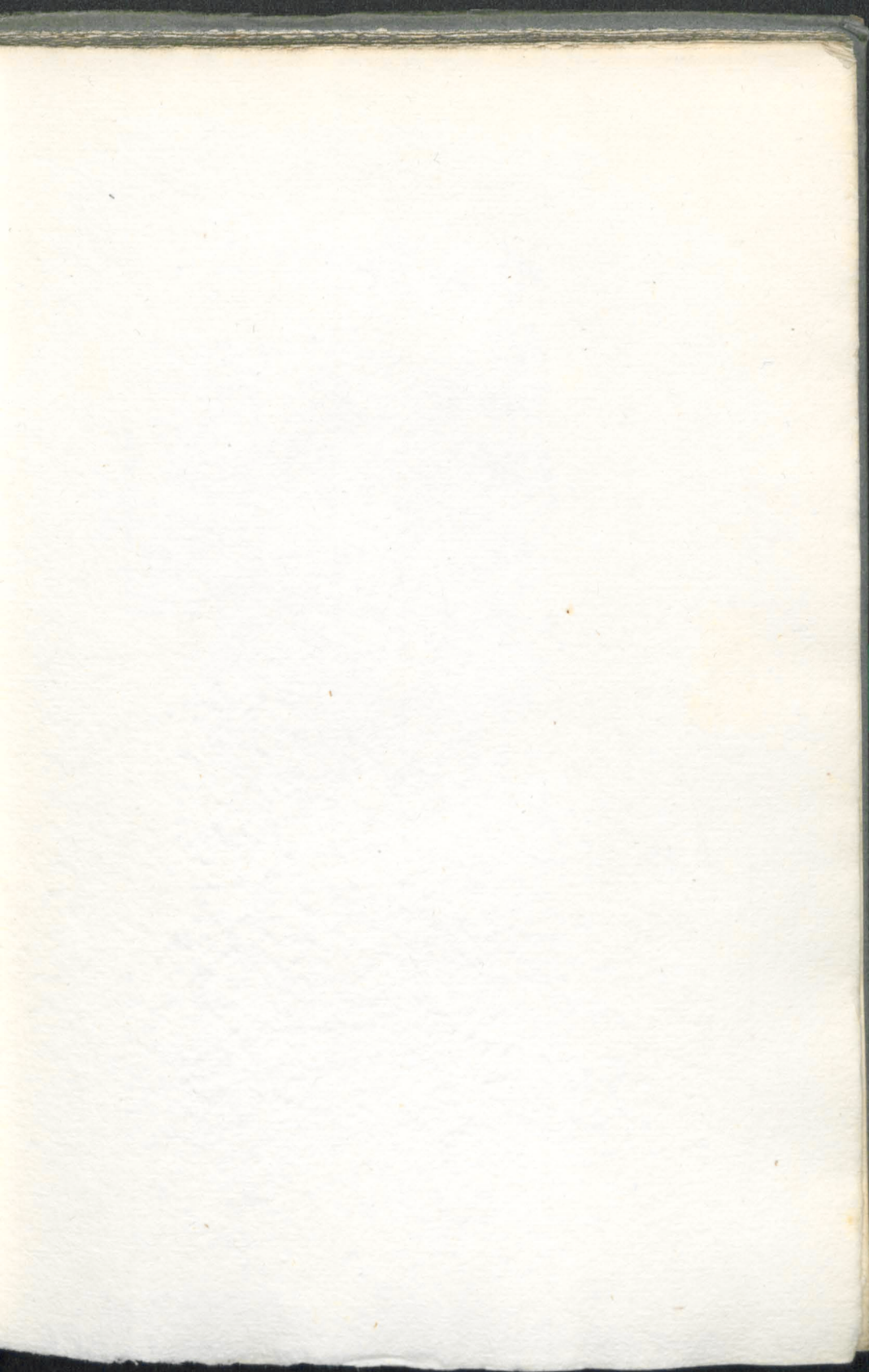
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PSALMI PENITENTIALES.



Ps. vi. 1.

**Domine ne in furore tuo arguas me:
neque in ira tua corripias me.**

LORD yn thín anger up-
take me nought,
And in thi wrath blame
thu nought me,
for yef my soule be
throw sought,

In many a synne myself y see.
And drede rennyt in my thought
That thow wolt awreke bee,
But lord thu hast me dere abought,
Spar a wyle tyl y bee free.

Ps. vi. 2.

**Miserere mei domine quoniam infirm-
us sum: sana me domine quoniam con-
turbata sunt ossa mea.**

MERCY lord for y am seek,
Hele me, for brused beth my bonus,
Mi flesch ys frel, my soule hath eek
forgret mester to make monus.
But wenne my cors is cast yn creek,
And dolvyn depe under stones,
Jhesu mercyable and meek,
Lese nought that thow boughtest ones.



Ps. vi. 3.

Et anima mea turbata est valde: sed tu domine usquequo?

AND my soule ys destourbled sore,
But lord hou longe schal hit be so?
Yef I do synnes more and more,
Than mot y soffre peynys mo.
I lede a lyif ayenst thi lore,
So wrecchedli that me is woo,
But thi merci may me restore,
Ther nys noon help wan hit is goo.

Ps. vi. 4.

Convertere domine et eripe animam meam: saluum me fac propter misericordiam tuam.

TORNE the lord, my soule out
wynne,
Make me saaf for thi mercy,
for foul with fethur ne fisch with fynne
Ys noon unstedfastur than y.
Wan I thenke wat is me withynne,
Mi consciens maketh a carful cry,
Therefore thi pyte lord unpynne,
That y may mende me therby.

Ps. vi. 5.

**Quoniam non est in morte qui memor sit
tui: in inferno autem quis confitebitur tibi?**

HOR yn deth is noon that the thenk-
eth on,
Who schalknowleche to the yn helle?
Wan bodies stynketh under ston,
Wheras soules beth no man can telle.
Therfor Jhesu thou felle oure foon,
That al day on us yelp and yelle,
And graunt us or we hennys goon,
That we be wesche yn mercy welle.

Ps. vi. 6.

**Laboravi in gemitu meo, lavabo per sin-
gulas noctes lectum meum: lacrimis meis
stratum meum rigabo.**

HAVE traveld in my weylinge,
Mi bed schal y wesche every nyght,
And with the teres of my wepynge,
My bedstre watre as hyt is ryght.
Synne is cause of my mornyng,
Y fele me feynt in goostly fyght,
Therefore y wepe and watur wryng,
As y wel owe, and every wyght.

Ps. vi. 7.

*Turbatus est a furore oculus meus: in-
teravi inter omnes inimicos meos.*

IN ighe for angur destorbled ys,
Y ooldede myn enemyes among,
Wel y wot y have doo mys,
And greved god with werkes wrong.
And ever wan y thenke on this,
Y crye on crist wyth stevene strong,
And say lord Jhesu, Kyng of blys,
To thi mercy me underfong.

Ps. vi. 8.

*Discedite a me omnes qui operamini ini-
quitatem: quoniam exaudivit dominus vo-
cem fletus mei.*

VE that dooth wrong, gooth fro me
alle,
for god my wepyng voys hath herd,
To his foot fayne wol y falle,
And be chastened wyth hys yerd.
Now curteys kyng to the y calle,
Be nought vengeable, put up thi swerd,
Yn hevене wan thow holdest halle,
Let me nought be therout sperd.

Ps. vi. 10.

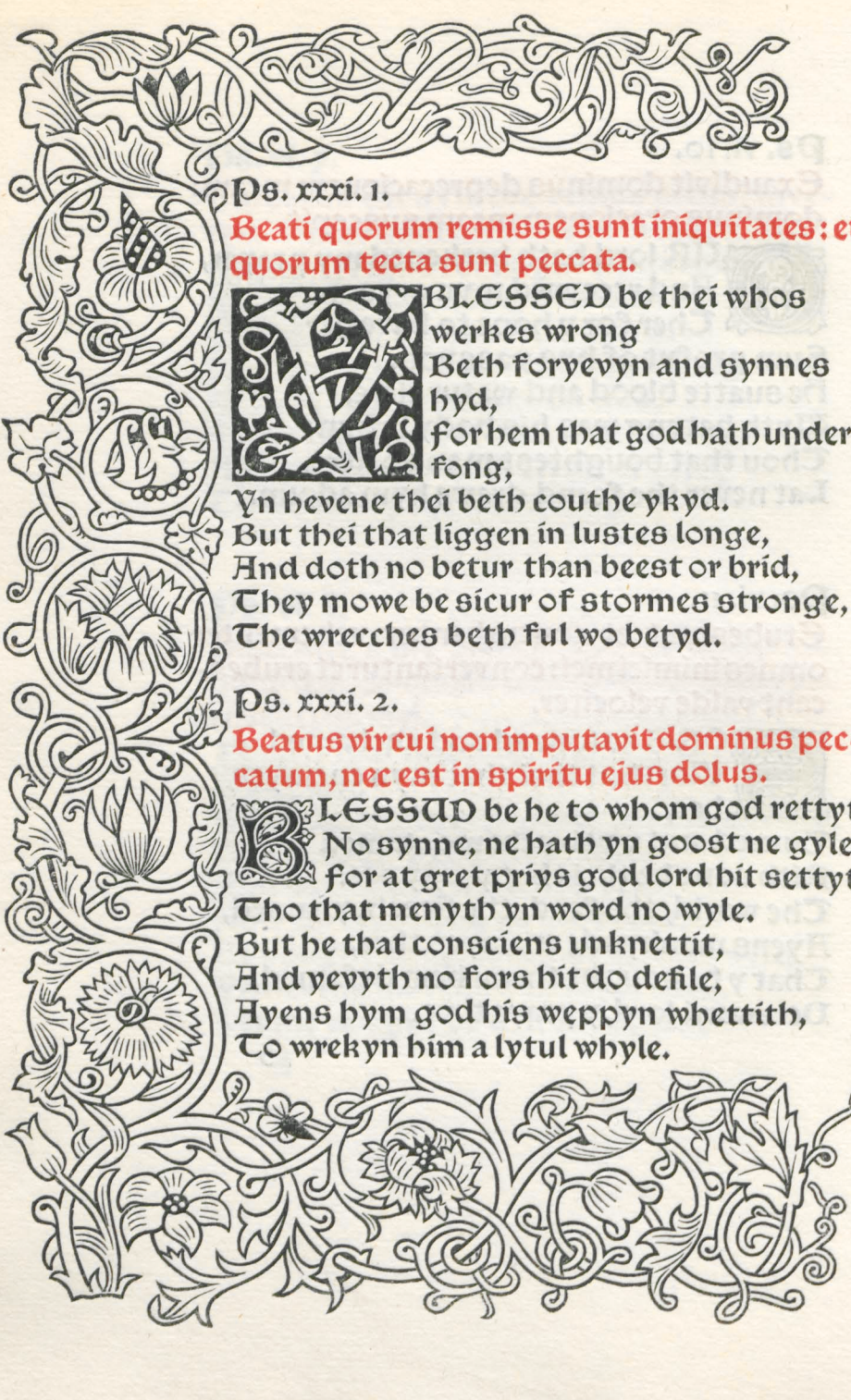
*Exaudivit dominus deprecationem meam:
dominus oracionem meam suscepit.*

OUR lord hath herkened my prayer,
And receyved myn oryson,
Ther for y hope to have her
Sum profyt of hys passyon.
He suatte blood and watur clere,
Wyth betyng was his body broun;
Thou that boughtest man so dere,
Lat never the feend drawe hym adoun.

Ps. vi. 11.

*Erubescant et conturbentur vehementer
omnes inimici mei: convertantur et erubes-
cant valde velociter.*

SORE astoneyd and aschamed
Worth al thei that myn enemyes
bee,
Turned and wyth schame atamed
Rith sone be thei that y may see.
The world, the fend, the flesch, ynamed,
Hyens mankynde enemyes thre,
That y be nought throu hem defamed,
Dereward lord, y praye thee.



Ps. xxxi. 1.

**Beati quorum remisse sunt iniquitates: et
quorum tecta sunt peccata.**



BLESSED be thei whos
werkes wrong
Beth foryevyn and synnes
hyd,
for hem that god hath under-
fong,

Yn hevene thei beth couthe ykyd.
But thei that liggen in lustes longe,
And doth no betur than beest or brid,
They mowe be sicur of stormes stronge,
The wrecches beth ful wo betyd.

Ps. xxxi. 2.

**Beatus vir cui non imputavit dominus pec-
catum, nec est in spiritu ejus dolus.**

BLESSED be he to whom god rettyt
No synne, ne hath yn goost ne gyle,
for at gret priys god lord hit settyt,
Tho that menyth yn word no wyle.
But he that consciens unknettith,
And yevyth no fors hit do defile,
Hyens hym god his weppyn whettith,
To wrekyng him a lytul whyle.

Ps. xxxi. 3.

*Quoniam tacui inveteraverunt ossa mea,
dum clamarem tota die.*

BUILD my pees, therfor my bonus,
Eldide while y scholde crie alday,
I crie and yeet y mot more than onus,
To gete foryevenesse yeef y may.
I have mester to make mones,
That have ydo many a wilde outray,
Y crie the mercy, kyng of trones,
Y have trespasd, y say not nay.

Ps. xxxi. 4.

*Quoniam die ac nocte gravata est super
me manus tua: conversus sum in erumpna
mea, dum configitur spina.*

BOTHE be day and nyght alsoo,
On me thin hond weis hevely,
And y am turned yn my woo,
While thornes prikketh perelusly.
Ther prickith me perelus thornes two
Of synne, of peyne, this fele wel y,
And therfor lord, seth hit ys soo,
Y putte me al yn thi mercy.

Ps. xxxi. 5.

*Delictum meum cognitum tibi feci: et in-
justiciam meam non abscondi.*

DI gylt have y maad to the knowen,
I have not fro the yhid my wrong,
In breff schal y be al aknowen,
Al my mysdede and morne among.
for certys lord we triste and trowen
The welle of grace with stremes strong
Out of thi fayne flesch gan flowen,
Man blod out of thin herte sprong.

Ps. xxxi. 5.

*Dixi, confitebor adversum me injusticiam
meam domino: et tu remisisti impietatem
peccati mei.*

GO god y sayde y schal knoleche,
Hyens myself my wrong withynne,
And thou lord as a lovli leche,
foryeve the trespas of my synne.
Than spedith noght to spare to speke,
To crie on crist wil y not blynne,
That he ne take on me wreche,
for word ne werk that y begynne.

Ps. xxxi. 6.

Pro hac orabit ad te omnis sanctus in tempore opportuno.

THERFOR biseke schal every seynt,
Yn tyme that ys therto covenantable,
for thei be trewe and y teynt,
Thei beth stedefast and y unstable.
Here frendscip found y never feynt,
Hem wil y prai as thei ben able,
That thei wil mene my compleynt,
To god that is so merciablen.

Ps. xxxi. 6.

Verumptamen in diluvio aquarum multarum ad eum non approximabunt.

BUT yn the flod of waters fele,
To hym schul thei not negghe nere,
Hem nedith noght that beth yn wele,
The watur that us wasschith here.
But we that al day from him stele,
And wrathe hym that hath no pere,
Yef we wil us fro harmes hele,
Us nedith to wepe watres clere.

Ps. xxxi. 7.

*Tu es refugium meum a tribulacione que
circumdedit me: exultacio mea erue me a
circumdantibus me.*

THU art my refute yn my woo,
That hath viroved me aboute,
Mi ioye delyvere me of thoo,
That me biclippyn al aboute.
The fendes fleeth bothe too and froo,
To dempne me, this is no doute,
But lord wan y schal hennys go,
Kepe me from that revly route.

Ps. xxxi. 8.

*Intellectum tibi dabo et instruam te in
via hac qua gradieris: firmabo super te
oculos meos.*

UNDERSTONDYNG y schal the
sende,
And y schal teche the withal,
And yn the wey that thou schalt wende,
On the myn yghe fastene schal.
Y am thi god, have me yn mynde,
I made the fre ther thou were thral,
That no dedli synne the schende,
Let wit and wysdam be thi wal.

Ps. xxxi. 9.

**Nolite fieri sicut equus et mulus, quibus
non est intellectus.**

NE farith noght as mule and hors,
In wiche noon understanding is,
for so farith thei that yevith no
fors,

Thou thei do never so muchil amys.
Thenke that in corruptible coors
Is noght bote wormes mete iwis,
Therfor yn murthe have thu remors,
And ever among thenk wel on this.

Ps. xxxi. 9.

**In chamo et freno maxillas eorum con-
stringe, qui non approximant ad te.**

IN bernacle & bridel thu constreyne
The chekis of hem that neggheth
the noght,

for certis lord, but thu refreyne,
We schul do synne yn every thought.
The world is noght but synne and peyne,
And wrechednesse that man hath wroght,
Of this myschef y me compleyne,
To the Jhesu that hast me bought.

UMCP

Ps. xxxi. 10.

*Multi flagella peccatoris: sperantem autem
in domino misericordia circumdabit.*

MANY oon is the sadde betynge,
That to the synneful schal betide,
But hym that is yn god trustynge,
Schal mercy kepe yn every side.
Man wrecchis schal her hondis wringe,
That were so ful of pompe and pride,
Than schulle the saved soules synge,
for blisse that thei schulle ynne abide.

Ps. xxxi. 11.

*Letamini in domino et exultate iusti, et
gloriamini omnes recti corde.*

IN oure lord beth mery and glad,
Ye that of rightful herte be,
for he that was on rode sprad,
Now syt yn his fadris see.
Yn syghth of him schul we be glad,
As angelis that beth brith of ble,
Jhesu graunte us to be lad
So that we mai that syghte se.

Ps. xxxvii. 1.

**Domine ne in furore tuo arguas me, neque
in ira tua corripias me.**



FORD blame me noght wan thu
art wroth,
Uptak me noght yn hastinesse,
Tho y have lyved as the is loth,
Unkynde ayens thi kyndenesse.
for wantowne word and idel oth,
And many a werk of wikkidnesse,
I drede thi doom ayens me gooth,
But grace go with rightfulnessse.

Ps. xxxvii. 2.

**Quoniam sagitte tue infixæ sunt michi: et
confirmasti super me manum tuam.**



FOR thin arwes beth yn me pight,
Thu hast set fast on me thin hond,
And as a man withowten mighth,
I waxe waik as withy wond.
But lord meyntheine thu thi righth
Supporte thi man that may not stonde
And conforte thu thi feble knyght
That forth is flemed out of thi londe.



Ps. xxxvii. 3.

*Non est sanitas in carne mea a facie ire tue:
non est pax ossibus meis a facie peccato-
rum meorum.*

FOR in my flesh ther is noon hele,
In presence of thi worthy face,
To my bones nys pees ne wele,
for synnes that me thus deface.
Therfor wan deth schal with me dele,
I se no help lord but thi grace,
Mi wilde wil, my wittus frele,
Encombe me wan y trespase.

Ps. xxxvii. 4.

*Quoniam iniquitates mee supergresse sunt
caput meum: et sicut onus grave gravate
sunt super me.*

FOR now above myn hed ar growen,
The werkes of my wikkednesse,
And upon me synne ys throwen,
A burdyne of gret hevynesse.
I may nowher now me bestowen,
To hide me from thin hastinesse,
Nevertheles as we trowen,
Thi mercy passeth rightfulnessse.

Ps. xxxvii. 5.

*Putruerunt et corrupte sunt cicatrices mee,
a facie insipiente mee.*

NOW beth my wondes rotyn and rank,
Tofore the face of my folye,
And sithen y last yn synne sank,
Can y noght but mercy crye.
Now crist that resedest him that stank,
The brother of marthe and of marie,
So bryng me fro this breri bank,
To hevene blisse above the skie.

Ps. xxxvii. 6.

*Miser factus sum, et curvatus sum usque
in finem: tota die contristatus ingrediebar.*

IWERE a wrecche ynto the last ende,
I croked and carful gede al day,
Murthe may noon com yn my mende,
Whan y thenke on my longe way.
I wot wel y mot hennys wende,
But whider ne wanne y con noght say,
Therfor my buxum bak y beende,
That crist me kepe, for he best may.

Ps. xxxvii. 7.

Quoniam lumbi me impleti sunt illusionibus: et non est sanitas in carne mea.

FOR ful of fayrie beth my reynus,
And yn my flesch ther nys non helthe,
Therfor of grace sende me greynus,
That y may fle al fleschly felthe.
Lat never the fend with al his teynus,
Sterte upon me with no stelthe,
To fastne on me his fuyri chaynus,
for weldyng of this worldes welthe.

Ps. xxxvii. 8.

*Afflictus sum et humiliatus sum nimis:
rugiebam a gemitu cordis mei.*

IWAS aflight and maad ful meke,
I rorede for weilyng of myn herte,
Oure formfadrus awarde breke,
Therfor al we beth woo bygerte.
And y therto my synnes eke,
What wonder thow my sowle smerte,
Therfor thi mercy lord y seke,
for y may noght thin hond asterte.

Ps. xxxvii. 9.

*Domine, ante te omne desiderium meum:
et gemitus meus a te non est absconditus.*

LORD al my desir is the befor,
Mi weilyng is noght from the hid,
for yef my sowle schold be for

lorn,

What wer y bet than best or brid?

Therfor Ihesu of iewes borun,

God and man yn erthe kyd,

Lat never that tresor be totorn,

That thu were fore so wo bytid.

Ps. xxxvii. 10.

*Cor meum conturbatum est, dereliquit me
virtus mea: et lumen oculorum meorum,
et ipsum non est mecum.*

IN herte in me destorbled ys,
My vertu hath forsake me,
Min yē syght wyth me noght nys,
Mi saviour may I noght se.

Y erre al day and do amys,

Y stomble as they that blynde be,

And synne ywis is cause of this,

Mercy ihesu for thy pyte.

Ps. xxxvii. 11.

*Amici mei, et proximi mei adversum me
appropinquaverunt, et steterunt.*

In neighbors and thei that frendes
were,
Neggheden and ayens me stod,
In welthe a man may wisdom lere,
But wel were hym that understod
How frendis flocken every where,
As foules doth after here food,
But be man ded and brought on bere,
fele beth feynt and fewe beth good.

Ps. xxxvii. 12.

*Et qui iuxta me erant, de longe steterunt:
et vim faciebant qui querebant animam
meam.*

THEI stode afer that where me nygh,
Thei strenghed hem that my sowle
sought,
The world was fals, the fend was slygh,
The flesch dide so that me forthought.
Therfor to godde than y fleygh,
With lowly herte and him besought,
To yeve confort fro hevене an heegh,
Of werkis that i hadde mys wrought.

Ps. xxxvii. 12.

*Et qui inquirebant mala mihi, locuti sunt
vanitates: et dolos tota die meditabantur.*

AND thei that thoughte dome skathe,
Speken wordes al yn vayne,
And al the day bothe late and rathe,
Thei thoughte gile and upon trayne.
But wan thei fede bothe moughte and
mathe,
And breris growith above here brayne,
Than schal the sothe hymself unswethe,
How synne hath many a soule slayn.

Ps. xxxvii. 13.

*Ego autem tanquam surdus non audie-
bam: et sicut mutus non aperiens os
suum.*

BUT y as deef man nought herde,
And as doumbe that undoth no
mouth,
So spared y and speche sperede,
But wan y spak y seyde soth.
for he that iewis so foule with ferde,
That wot how every gyle gooth,
ful sore wil smite with his yerde,
But men amende hem that mysdoth.

Ps. xxxvii. 14.

Et factus sum sicut homo non audiens: et non habens in ore suo redarguciones.

BECOM as man that myghte
nought here,
And hadde yn mouth non upmen-
ynge,
I saw the synful glad of chere,
And y went forth ful sore sykinge.
But lord that boughtest man so dere,
Lat him no blisse in balis bringe,
But sende him might to amende here
And graunte him grace of uprisynge.

Ps. xxxvii. 15.

Quoniam in te domine speravi: tu exaudies me domine deus meus.

LORD for y have trist yn the,
Mi lord my god thu schalt me here,
for reverens of that lady fre,
That yaf the souke and hath no pere.
To that lady betake y me,
That woneth above the cloudes clere,
for whil sche sitteth neegh thi see,
Y hope to spede of my prayere.

Ps. xxxvii. 16.

*Quia dixi: nequando supergaudeant mihi
inimici mei: et dum commoventur pedes
mei, super me magna locuti sunt.*

FOR y have seyde lord merciablen,
Lat noght up me my foon be glade,
for whil y sterve my feet unstable,
Up me they grete wordes made.
But crist that art so comfortable,
Make here floures falle and fade,
And the to plesse make me able,
In synne wil y no more wade.

Ps. xxxvii. 17.

*Quoniam ego in flagella paratus sum: et
dolor meus in conspectu meo semper.*

FOR redy y am to be betyn,
Mi sorw is redy yn my syght,
To do hys wille wil y not letyn,
Hyens my god wil y noght fyght.
Nou lord that woldest thi blod swetyn,
for hem that the to dethe dight,
So send me grace for to gretyn
Waters that may myn herte lyght.

Ps. xxxvii. 18.

*Quoniam iniquitatem meam annuntiabo:
et cogitabo pro peccato meo.*

FOR y my wrong schal tellen owt,
And for my synne thenk y schal,
How hit ys parelous to be prowte,
And lecherie may lesyn al.
Envy and wrathe of herte schowt,
Schul stonde a man yn lytul stal,
Whan he is clothed yn a clowt,
To wone withynne a wormes wal.

Ps. xxxvii. 19.

*Inimici autem mei vivunt, et confirmati
sunt super me: et multiplicati sunt qui
oderunt me inique.*

BUT myn enemyes beth quik and
bold,
And strengthed on me myghtili,
Thei beth encresyd manyfolde,
That hath me hated wrongfully.
But goddes lomb that Judas solde,
for thrytty penyes unworthely,
Y wil praye to be yn his folde,
To do his bidding buxumly.

Ps. xxxvii. 20.

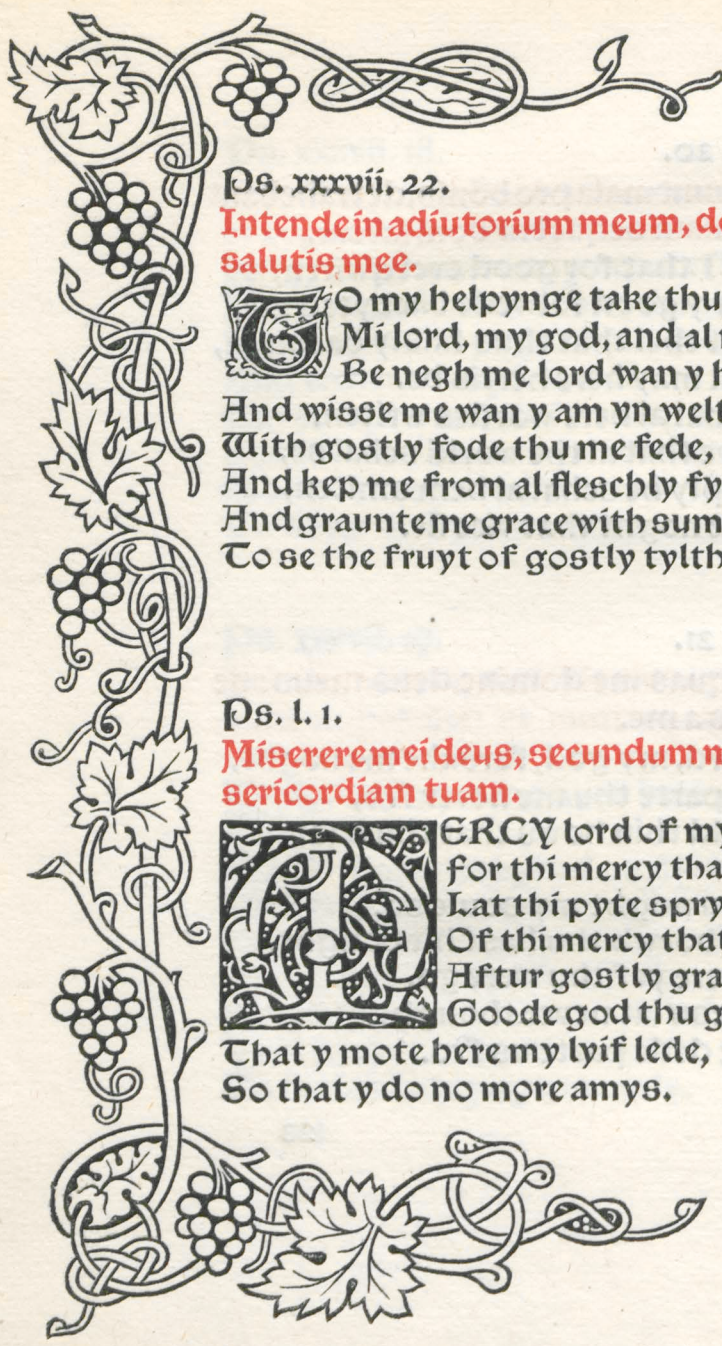
Qui retribuunt mala pro bonis, detrahebant
mihi: quoniam sequebar bonitatem.

THEI that for good evel qwiten,
for y good folwede bacbyted me,
But thei that thus falsly bacbiten,
ful dredful may here hertis be.
for god schal al here wordes writen,
And schewe that al the world schal se,
How scharply he schal al hem smiten,
That wolde noght that vice fle.

Ps. xxxvii. 21.

Ne derelinquas me domine deus meus: ne
discesseris a me.

OI lord, my god, forsake me noght,
Departe thu me never fro,
Hold thin hows that thu hast
wroght,
forsake thu noght my soule so.
This is thi borwh thu hast hit bought,
Elinge it were yef thu were go,
Therfor ihesu lat never thought,
Ne word ne dede parte us fro.



Ps. xxxvii. 22.

Intende in adiutorium meum, domine deus salutis mee.

GO my helpynge take thu hede,
Mi lord, my god, and al myn elthe,
Be negh me lord wan y have nede,
And wisse me wan y am yn welthe.
With gostly fode thu me fede,
And kep me from al fleshly fylthe,
And graunte me grace with sum good dede,
To se the fruyt of gostly tylthe.

Ps. l. 1.

Miserere mei deus, secundum magnam misericordiam tuam.

MERCY lord of my mysdede,
for thi mercy that mychel ys,
Lat thi pyte sprynge & sprede,
Of thi mercy that y noght mys.
Aftur gostly grace y grede,
Goode god thu graunte me this,
That y mote here my lyif lede,
So that y do no more amys.

Ps. l. 1.

Et secundum multitudinem miserationum tuarum, dele iniquitatem meam.

AND after thi mercies that beth fele,
Lord fordo my wikkednesse,
Helpe me for to hide and hele,
The blames of mi brothelnesse.
Yef eny stryngge wil me stele,
Out of the clos of thi clennessse,
Wisse me lord yn wo and wele,
And keep me for thi kyndenesse.

Ps. l. 2.

Amplius lava me ab iniquitate mea: et a peccato meo munda me.

MOREOVER wesch me of my
synne,
And fro my gyltes clense me,
Enserche my soule bouthe and bynne,
That hit no more defouled be.
And as thyn herte clef atwynne,
Wyth deolful deth on rode tre,
So let me never werk begynne,
Lord but yef hit like the.

Ps. l. 3.

*Quoniam iniquitatem meam ego cognosco:
et peccatum meum contra me est semper.*

FOR al my wikkednesse y knowe,
And my synne is ever my sight
agayn,

And therfor lat thi pyte growe,
Jhesu that were of iewes slayn.
for riche and pore, highe and lowe,
And every wight y am certayne,
On domus day wan thu schalt blowe
Of thi mercy wil be fayn.

Ps. l. 4.

*Tibi soli peccavi, et malum coram te feci:
ut iustificeris in sermonibus tuis, et vincas
cum iudicaris.*

GO the only trespassd have y,
Wrought wykkedly and the noght
quemed,

Thi wordis asketh ryghtfully,
Thu hast victori wan thu art demed.
Demyd thu were wrongfully,
for me that hath thi feyth foryemed,
But lord lat me never do why
That y be fro thi face flemed.

Ps. l. 5.

*Ecce enim in iniquitatibus conceptus sum:
et in peccatis concepit me mater mea.*

BEHOLD in synne y was conseyyed,
Of my moder as men beth alle,
Of my fader noght y receyved,
But boon and flesch freël to falle.
But seth thi flesch lord was perceyved,
Ther hit was leid ful streit yn stalle
Was ther no synful man deceyved
That wolde to thy mercy calle.

Ps. l. 6.

*Ecce enim veritatem dilexisti: incerta, et
occulta sapientie tue manifestasti mihi.*

BEHOLD thou hast loved the ryght,
And schewed me consel of thi wit,
How throw mercy and throw might,
Two kyndes beth to geder knyht.
Thral is fre and knave is knyght,
God is man, as gospel wryt,
And yef my soule in perel ys pight,
Mercy god and helpe thou hit.

Ps. l. 7.

*Asperges me ysopo et mundabor: lavabis
me, et super nivem dealbabor.*

WITH holi water thu schalt me
sprinke,
And as the snow y schal be whit,
for though my soule in synne synke,
With weping water hit may be qwit.
Dedly draughtis yef y drynke
Of repentaunce yef me respit,
for on the trustly whoso thenke,
In worldes welthe hath no delit.

Ps. l. 8.

*Auditui meo dabis gaudium et leticiam: et
exultabunt ossa humiliata.*

O my heryng thu schalt yeve,
Gladnesse to glade my bones meke,
In lownesse lerne me to lyve,
Be noght to fer wan y the seke.
And lat me noght to deth be dryve,
Derworthe lord y the beseke,
Til my defaultis be foryeve
Of thought, of word, of dedis eke.

Ps. l. 9.

*Averte faciem tuam a peccatis meis: et
omnes iniquitates meas dele.*

HRO my synne turne thi face,
Put al my wickednesse away,
Gret is my gilt, gretter thi grace,
Or ellus fayleth oure fey.
Defautes fele that me deface,
Maketh me synge weylawey,
And crie mercy wan y trespase,
Y wot ther is noon other wey.

Ps. l. 10.

*Cor mundum crea in me deus: et spiritum
rectum innova in visceribus meis.*

GOD make in me herte clene,
A rightful gost in me renewe,
fro vii synnes me maketh schene,
Wherso thou go that y may sewe.
Alas thi turnement and thi tene,
Made thi bak and breste al blewe,
Now graunte crist hit mai be sene,
Withynne myn herte that pitous heuwe.

Ps. l. 11.

*Ne prouicias me a facie tua: et spiritum
sanctum tuum ne auferas a me.*

CAST noght me fro thi visage,
Tak noght away thin holy goost,
for yn the syght of that ymage,
Ys fulsumnes and murthe most.
Y have be wilde and do outrage,
Unwyseli wrought as thu wel wost,
Therfor sende me sum corage,
To fyghte ayens the fendus ost.

Ps. l. 12.

*Redde mihi leticiam salutaris tui: et spiri-
tu principali confirma me.*

Of thin helthe yeld me blysse,
And strengthe me with thi spirit
cheef,
Alle my fyve wittus wisse,
That y lyve as the is leef.
And as thu myght my langour lysse,
That broughtest man to gret bonchef,
So lat me never mercy mysse,
Wan y am greved with gostli gref.

Ps. l. 13.

*Docebo iniquos vias tuas: et impii ad te
convertentur.*

DO the wicked schal y thi weies teche,
The synful to the schul converte,
Synful man be war of wreche,
And thenk on crist with al thin herte;
Hou he becaam thi lovly leche,
And for thi sake ful sore smerte,
Ther was no scorn, spotul, ne speche,
Despit, ne stroke, that him sterte.

Ps. l. 14.

*Libera me de sanguinibus deus, deus salu-
tis mee: et exsultabit lingua mea iusticiam
tuam.*

DELIVER me fro blameful blod,
Almighti god of al myn helthe,
Then schal mi tonge be meri of
mod,
To tellen of thi ryghtful telthe.
Thi ryghtful blod was spild on rode
That wesche us from our fleschli felthe
And many a storm ayens the stod
To wysse us fro this worldes welthe.

Ps. l. 15.

Domine, labia mea aperies: et os meum annuntiabit laudem tuam.

DI lippus lord thu schalt undo,
And mi mought schal thi praisyng
telle,

Thi mercy and thi right also,
Parfytli can no man telle.
for wan we dedly synnes do,
Thi right us demyth down to helle,
But wan we sece and can sey hoo,
Thi mercy is oure wassching welle.

Ps. l. 16.

Quoniam si voluisses sacrificium, dedissem utique: holocaustis non delectaberis.

FOR yef thu woldest have had
offring,
Y hadde hit yeven with herte fre,
But thu schalt have no likyng,
Yn sacrifice of that degre.
for thu were offred uphonyng,
for mannes sake on rode tre,
Of thin herte gan blod out spryng,
Wherfor myn herte y offre the.

Ps. l. 17.

*Sacrificium deo spiritus contritus: cor
contritum et humiliatum deus non despi-*
cies.

O god hit is a sacrifice,
The goste that is greved sore,
Meke herte schalt thu non despice,
Whils repentauns mai hit restore.
Y have forsleuthid thi service,
And lytul lyved aftur thi lore
But now y repente and arise
Mercy ihesu y wil no more.

Ps. l. 18.

*Benigne fac domine in bona voluntate tua
Syon: ut edificentur muri ierusalem.*

WITH benigne wil do to syon,
That ierusalem walles were up-
wrought,
Jerusalem as witnesseth seynt Jon,
Ys holi chirche that erryth noght.
Two testamentis acordith in on,
Thus were thei togedre brought,
Whan crist was the corner ston,
That mannes soule hadde dere bought.



Ps. l. 19.

**Tunc acceptabis sacrificium iusticie, obla-
ciones et holocausta: tunc imponent super
altare tuum vitulos.**

THAN schalt thu sacrifice accepte,
Of rightfulness and treuthe entyer,
And calveren after thi recepte,
Schul men leyen on thin autyer.
On calverie a calf ther crepte,
Crist on croys bothe clene and cleer,
for teris that his moder wepte,
He schilde us from the fendis feer.

Ps. ci. 1.

**Domine exaudi oracionem meam: et clamor
meus ad te veniat.**

IORD thu herkyn my prayere,
And to the lat com my cry,
Vouchesaf to lysten & here,
The mone that y make mekely.
To crie on the with carful
chere,

That nedith no man so mychel as y,
Therfor my stevene strengthe and stere,
That y not speke unspedely.



Ps. ci. 2.

Non avertas faciem tuam a me: in quacumque die tribulor, inclina ad me aurem tuam.

TURN noght lord fro me thi face,
Bowe doun thin ere wan me is wo,
Lat growe greynus of thi grace,
That quenchith synne and peyne also.
Yn wey of charite me chace,
Thi feith lat me noght falle fro,
And helpe me that y noght trespase
Up hope of mercy never mo.

Ps. ci. 2.

In quacumque die invocavero te, velociter exaudi me.

EVERY day wan y the calle,
Redly thu lystene to me,
for ryghtful beth thi werkys alle,
But mercy is thi propurte.
Therfor though y frely falle
Yn synne that y schulde fle,
Put me noght out of thin halle,
But helpe me turne ayen to the.

Ps. ci. 3.

Quia defecerunt sicut fumus dies mei: et ossa mea sicut cremium aruerunt.

FOR my lif dayes beth lik smoke,
That fayled and awayward hyed,
My bonus beth drie and forsoke,
As scrachenis that beth forfryed.
Of crist may wel this word be spoke,
That on the crois was don and dried,
Whan his blessed brist was broke,
for drouthe and thirst he loude cryed.

Ps. ci. 4.

Percussus sum ut fenum et aruit cor meum: quia oblitus sum comedere panem meum.

SMYTEN y was lik gras or hey,
Mi herte waxed drie and ded,
for y forgat what maner wey
That y scholde ete myn owne bred.
To peyne me was al here pley,
Thei thrasten thornys in myn hed,
Despitously than sped hem thei
With blod to make my body red.

Ps. ci. 5.

A voce gemitus mei adhesit os meum carni mee.

AFORE the voice of my weilynge,
Unto my flesch my bon gan schrinke,
Y say my cosyn Jon mornynge,
Y say my moder for swoning synke.
Y herde a thefe me scornynge,
Gal and eysel was my drinke,
Y wepte as child of yerys yinge,
Of this myschef wan y gan thenke.

Ps. ci. 6.

*Similis factus sum pellicano solitudinis:
factus sum sicut nicticorax in domicilio.*

WAS lik the pellican,
Up wildernes that himself fleeth,
Redly to the rood y ran,
for mannes sake to suffre deth.
And as nightcrowe in here hous can
Bi nyght se to holt and heth,
So saverde y to save man,
Yblessed be that ylke deth.

Ps. ci. 7.

Vigilavi, et factus sum sicut passer solitarius in tecto.

VWOK, and was maad lik a sparwe,
That in roof ys solytarie,
Upon the tre my nyst was narwe,
Theron myght y no briddes carye.
As beth is hurled under harwe,
So was my flesch that sprong of marie,
Yn this world ys no scharpur arwe,
Than the turnement that me gan tarie.

Ps. ci. 8.

*Tota die exprobrabant michi inimici mei:
et qui laudabant me adversum me iurabant.*

FOR al day thei hadde me in scorn,
Men that myn enemyes were,
And thei that preysede me befor
Afturward agayns me swere.
Than was y tuggut and totorn,
fot and hond (and) yē and ere,
Til every lym liyf hadde lorn,
The turmenturus upon me tere.

Ps. ci. 9.

*Quia cinerem tanquam panem manduca-
bam, et potum meum cum fletu miscebam.*

FOR askis right as breed y ete,
Weeping y meynt my drink ymong,
for love of man y thought hit swete
To suffre stormes and peynes strong.
for si the Adam the lawe lete,
Through here that of his rybbe sprong,
Was never man to mercy mete,
Til y had suffred wo and wrong.

Ps. ci. 10.

*A facie ire indignacionis tue: quia elevans
allisisti me.*

BFORE the face of thi grevaunce,
Thu drive me down with upliftynge,
fader y was to thi plesaunce,
Lift up god yn god dwellynge.
But for to stynte distorblaunce
Of man that synnede noght seyng,
Thu drive me down to chese a chaunce
As man for man deth takyng.

Ps. ci. 11.

*Dies mei sicut umbra declinaverunt: et ego
sicut fenum arui.*

DI dayes passeth as schadow of
light,
And y waxe drie lik the gras,
Y wente as man withoute myght,
Wherso y trad was bloody tras.
Whan y was deolfully thus dyght,
That never dede no trespas,
Centurio seide we doth unryght,
for treuly goddes sone this was.

Ps. ci. 12.

*Tu autem domine in eternum permanes: et
memoriale tuum in generacionem et gene-
racionem*

BUT certis lord thu dwellust evere,
Thi mynde abideth yn every kynde,
for thi godhed was noyed nevere,
Ther nas nothing that the myght schende.
Thi manhed myght wel men dissevere,
Therof thei made a rightful ende,
Therfor yche man is the levere,
That this materie hath wel in mynde.

Ps. ci. 13.

**Tu exurgens domine misereberis Syon:
quia tempus miserendi ejus, quia venit
tempus.**

FOR schalt on syon uprisyng rewe,
for tyme is come of here mercy,
Syon is holi chirche trewe
Of men that liveth cristenly.
A stedefast seed yn here thu sewe,
And taughtest here ful tenderly,
How sche scholde synne eschewe,
And love ye most hertely.

Ps. ci. 14.

**Quoniam placuerunt servis tuis lapides
ejus: et terre ejus miserebuntur.**

FOR thi servants here stonus liked,
And on here schal have pite,
Crist cornerston xii stones piked,
His tuelf apostolis for to bee.
Thei have hemself a dongeon diked,
Yn syon as (alle) men may se,
That whoso be with synne entriked
May safly to that strengthe fle.

Ps. ci. 15.

*Et timebunt gentes nomen tuum domine,
et omnes reges terre gloriam tuam.*

AND folkus schul thi name drede,
Alle erthely kynges doute thi blisse,
That prīvest princes of here pryde,
That wantounly here wittes wisse.
Right as the lust thu maist men lede,
Save and sle and langour lisse,
But wo is hym that doth that dede
Wherfor he mot thi mercy mysse.

Ps. ci. 16.

Quia edificavit dominus Syon: et videbitur in gloria sua.

FOR god hath housed syon,
And yn his blisse hit schal be sown,
Man holi chirche be maad on
Yn hevne as we triste and trowen.
And we schulle to gladnesse goon
That in grace on grounde now growen
Graunte god that y be on
That be noght out of hevne throwen.

Ps. ci. 17.

*Respexit in oracionem humilium: et non
sprevit precem eorum.*

O orison of the meke he seeth,
And noght despiseth here prayere,
But hem that hie of herte beeth
Ne hereth he noght yn no manere,
Of hem that alle vices fleeth,
Crist ihesu every man may lere,
for he was nothur starke ne stef,
But ever was louly in word and chere.

Ps. ci. 18.

*Scribantur hec in generacione altera: et
populus qui creabitur laudabit dominum.*

N another kynred lat this be writen,
Than schal praise god the peple
unborn,
Whoso may thes wordes wyten,
Oughte to thonke god therfore.
How he was for us falsly fleten,
And his tender flesch totorn,
for mannes sake so sore smyten,
Was never noon ne be before.

Ps. ci. 19.

Quia prospexit de excelso sancto suo: dominus de celo in terram aspexit.

FOR he hath from his holy heighthe,
To erthe oure lord say out of hevene,
He saugh men walke under the
weighthe,
Of alle the dedly synnes sevene.
He saugh men thorw the fendis sleighthe,
Lie slepyng in synful suevene,
Therfor he wolde agaynst him feighte,
Til god and man were on yn hevene.

Ps. ci. 20.

Ut audiret gemitus compeditorum, ut solveret filios interemptorum.

GO here the weilyng and the wo,
Of hem that were yn feteris bounde,
And to unbynde the sones of tho,
That weren slayn with dedly wounde.
for these causes and for mo,
God was mad man to go on grounde,
Therfor men schulde noght falle him fro,
for him stod many a stormi stounde.

Ps. ci. 21.

*Ut annuncient in Syon nomen domini: et
laudem eius in ierusalem.*

FOR that men schulde yn syon teche
Oure lordes name that holy is,
And in ierusalem his presyng preche,
Himself he cam and taughte this.
Ther may no wight withstonde his wreche,
Ther nys no nay ther he seith yis,
Therefore praise we him with speche,
And drede we him to doon amys.

Ps. ci. 22.

*In conveniendo populos in unum, et reges
ut serviant domino.*

VN gaderyng of peplis yn on,
And eke of kyngus god to serve,
To be stedefast as ys the ston,
Yn his servyse that we noght suerve.
The wey of treuthe scholde we gon,
To trecherie schulde we noght terve,
for yef we dede thus euerychon,
Ther schulde no care oure confort kerve.

Ps. ci. 23.

*Respondit ei in via virtutis sue: paucitatem
dierum meorum nuncia michi.*

ANswerid him yn wey of myght,
Tel me the litelhod of my dayes,
Thus onsueryd every cristen knyght,
That yeveth no fors of ryche arayes.
for wan he thenkith how deth is dighth
To asayle man with scharpe asayes,
He holdeth to god his herte upright,
That feryght him no suche afrayes.

Ps. ci. 24.

*Ne revoces me in dimidio dierum meorum:
in generacionem et generacionem anni tui.*

NE calle me noght the half fundele
Of my dayes thorwout the yeris,
for thei slyde out as mydday mele,
And passen away as clodus clere.
Ther nys no scrit ne no sele
Of mannes lif whil we ben here,
Therfor ihesu thou knowest me frele,
Wisse me wan y am yn were.

Ps. ci. 25.

*Inicio tu domine terram fundasti: et opera
manuum tuarum sunt celi.*

FIRST lord thu bygunne ground,
Thi hondwerkis beth hevenis alle,
Al this world that is so round,
Of creaturis as clerkis calle.
Thu hast hem pynned in a pound,
Withouten warde of wough or walle,
And wile thu list thu savest hem sound,
And wan thu wilt thei schul doun falle.

Ps. ci. 26.

*Ipsi peribunt, tu autem permanes: et om-
nes sicut vestimentum veterascent.*

THEI schul periche but thu schalt
duelle,
And schulle olden as a cloth,
All vanite thu schalt doun felle,
And make hit leef that now is loth.
Ther nis no tonge that can telle,
What peyne hit is to se the wroth,
Wan thu schalt close the yate of helle,
And curse al tho that thider goth.

Ps. ci. 27.

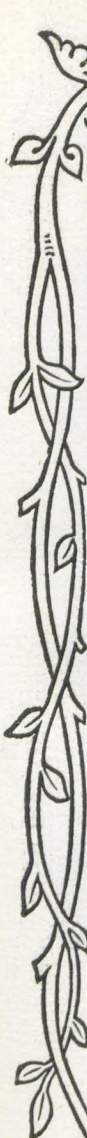
Et sicut opertorium mutabis eos, et mutabuntur: tu autem idem ipse es, et anni tui non deficient.

AND thu schalt as a keverlite,
Hem change, & thei schul changet be,
But alwei thu art on parfite,
Thi yeris schul noght fayle the.
Therfor wan thu hast mad us quite,
Thorugh myght of ymmortalite,
Than schal hit be alle oure delite
To seo thi blisful mageste.

Ps. ci. 28.

filii servorum tuorum habitabunt: et semen eorum in seculum dirigetur.

GHI servants sones schul duelle and
dure,
Ynto worlde here seed schal sprede,
for certis thei beth noght unsure,
That the wil serve with word and dede.
Now curteis lord of us have cure
forsake us noght wan (we) have nede
And or we passe make us pure,
And ynto lond of lif us lede.



Ps. cxxix. 1.

De profundis clamavi ad te domine: domine exaudi vocem meam.



RO dalis depe to the y criede,
Lord, lord, listne the vois
of me,
This prison' that y in abide,
Brek hit up for thi pite.
Mi governor be and mi gide,
Mi gostly fo wan y schal fle,
And lat out of thyn herte slyde
That y don have agen is the.

Ps. cxxix. 2.

fiant aures tue intendentes, in vocem deprecacionis mee.



HT thin eris be listenynge,
To the vois of my prayere,
for wely wot thu hast lykinge,
Yn man that thu hast bought so dere.
Therfor watever y rede or synge,
Lustne hit lord with lovly chere,
And vouchesaf of myn askynge,
Mi conscience to clense and clere.



Ps. cxxix. 3.

Si iniquitates observaveris domine: domine quis sustinebit?

GEf thu rewarde al wykkednesse,
Lord, lord, who schal hit susteyne,
By the lawe of ryghtfulnesse,
Endeles than were oure peyne.
But we hope of thi goodnesse,
That whan thou schalt this world afrayne,
With mercy and with myldenesse,
Thi rightful dome thou wilt refrayne.

Ps. cxxix. 4.

Quia apud te propiciatio est: et propter legem tuam sustinui te domine.

FOR with the is forgevenesse,
Y have the suffred lord for thi lawe,
Thi lawe schal al right redresse,
Was never said no sother sawe.
Therfor whan thou schalt bodies blesse,
And dede men out of dennys drawe,
Jhesu that saverest al swetenesse,
Lat no fend oure gostis gnawe.

Ps. cxxix. 5.

Sustinuit anima mea in verbo ejus: speravit anima mea in domino.

MI soule hath suffred yn his word,
Yn god my gost hath had his trust;
for synne is scharp as knywes ord,
And makith hym lame that lith yn lust.
Therfor ihesu, thu lovely lord,
Ther y am roton, rubbe of the rust,
Or y be brought to schippes bord,
To sayle yn to the dale of dust.

Ps. cxxix. 6.

**A custodia matutina usque ad noctem:
speret Israel in domino.**

FROM the morwarde yn to the
nyght,
Lat israel yn oure lord trowen;
Israel betokeneth every wight,
That god schal sen and gostly knowen.
To this every cristen man hath right,
That wil his strength wel bestowen;
He may be sicur as god hath hight,
That hevene blis schal be his owne.

Ps. cxxix. 7.

Quia apud dominum misericordia: et copiosa apud eum redemptio.

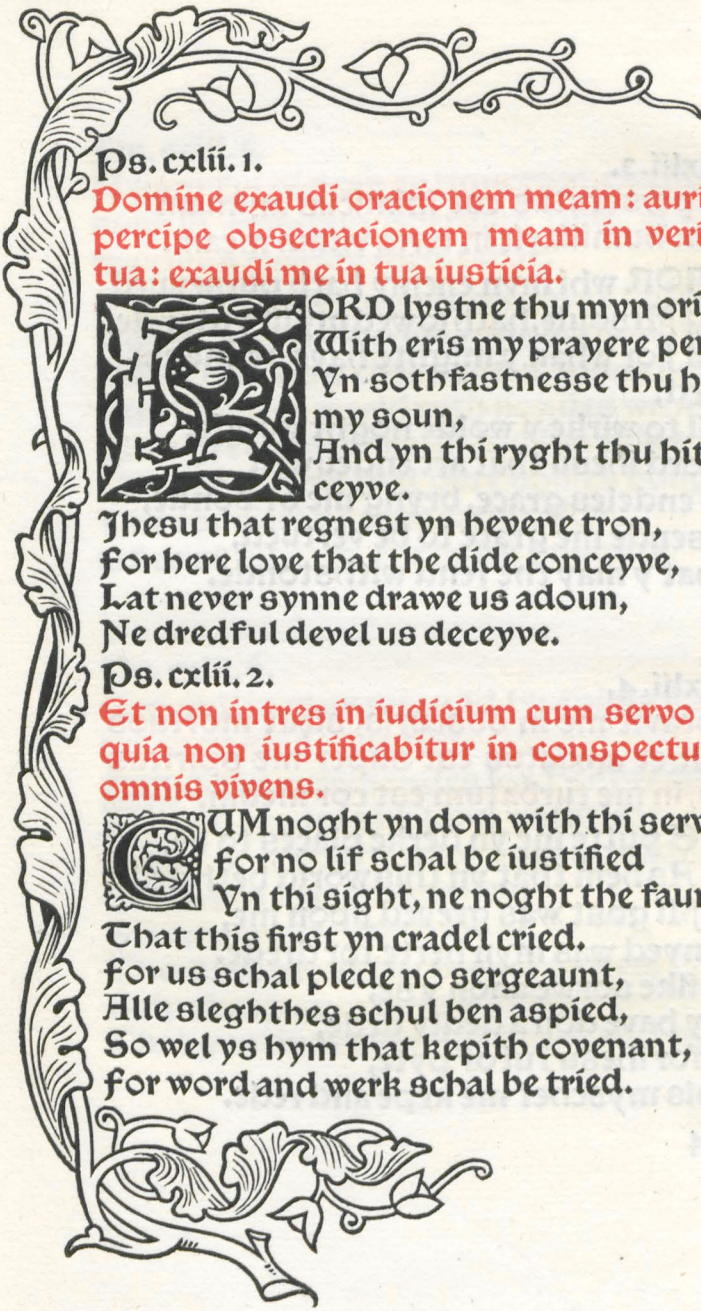
FOR at oure lord ys gret mercy,
And plentewous raunson is him
with,

He paiede for us his owne body,
Yn forme of bred bothe lyme and lith.
Certis for oure sake only,
He was feynt as foun yn frith,
So that synful man sycurly,
May hym gete grace and grith.

Ps. cxxix. 8.

Et ipse redimet Israel, ex omnibus iniquitatibus eius.

AND he schal byen israel,
for his mysdedes everychone,
Man we schul rise yn flesch and vel,
And eft be clepud yn blod and bon.
Than schal the fend that ys so fel,
fer be flemyd and alle oure fon,
And gode men schul in hevene dwel,
God yeve grace that y be on.



Ps. cxlii. 1.

Domine exaudi oracionem meam: auribus
percipe obsecracionem meam in veritate
tua: exaudi me in tua iusticia.



ORD lystne thu myn orison,
With eris my prayere perceyve,
Yn sothfastnesse thu here
my soun,
And yn thi ryght thu hit re-
ceyve.

Jhesu that regnest yn hevene tron,
for here love that the dide conceyve,
Lat never synne drawe us adoun,
Ne dredful devel us deceyve.

Ps. cxlii. 2.

Et non intres in iudicium cum servo tuo:
quia non iustificabitur in conspectu tuo
omnis vivens.



UM noght yn dom with thi servant,
for no lif schal be iustified
Yn thi sight, ne noght the faunt
That this first yn cradel cried.
for us schal plede no sergeaunt,
Alle sleghthes schul ben aspied,
So wel ys hym that kepith covenant,
for word and werk schal be tried.

Ps. cxlii. 3.

*Quia persecutus est inimicus animam
meam: humiliavit in terra vitam meam.*

FOR whi myn enemy hath purseyued
Mi soule, hath lowed my lif yn londe,
for whan y mighte have synne es-
chewed,
Mi wil to wirke y wolde nocht wonde.
But lord ihesu that art endeued
With endeles grace, bryng me of bonde,
And sende me grace to be vertued,
So that y may the fend withstonde.

Ps. cxlii. 4.

*Collocavit me in obscuris, sicut mortuos
seculi: et anxius est super me spiritus
meus, in me turbatum est cor meum.*

HE putte me yn derke places to be,
As hem that yn this world beth dede,
Mi gost was greved upon me,
Astonyed was myn herte for drede.
This ilke sorwe anon y se,
Wan y have don a dedly dede,
Therfor ihesu ful of pyte,
Yn this myschef me kepe and rede.

Ps. cxlii. 5.

*Memor fui dierum antiquorum, meditatus
sum in omnibus operibus tuis: in factis
manuum tuarum meditabar.*

HADDE mynde on dayes olde,
On al thi werkis y me bethought,
And how that synful Judas solde
Him that this world with hondes wrought.
With gret penaunce gedrid his folde
The schepherd that oure soules boughte,
The comfort of oure caris colde,
Of crist hit com, for he hit boughte.

Ps. cxlii. 6.

*Expandi manus meas ad te: anima mea si-
cut terra sine aqua tibi.*

O the myn hondes lord y spradde,
Mi soule is lik lond waturles,
I may noght wepe y am so badde,
So bareyn and so sorwles.
Synne constreyneth me so sadde,
Therfor y praye the prynce of pes,
Help that y sum teris hadde,
That gostly fruyt might have encres.

Ps. cxlii. 7.

Velociter exaudi me domine: defecit spiritus meus.

LISTNE lord and here me yerne,
The gost of me forsothe hath
fayled,
for y have be ful loth to lerne,
Thyng that myghte have avayled.
But lord that unpynnyst thi posterne
for hem that haven for the travayled,
Y hope thu wilt no penaunce sperne
Of thei that beth with synne asayled.

Ps. cxlii. 7.

*Non avertas faciem tuam a me: et similis
ero descendentibus in lacum.*

GHI face turne thu noght fro me,
Y worthe as thei that falleth yn lake,
The dampned men may say wel so,
That beth betaught to fendus blake.
But lat me be non of tho,
Thenk how thu diedist for my sake,
And graunte me grace or that y go,
Of my trespas amendes make.

Ps. cxlii. 8.

*Hudítam fac mihi mane misericordiam
tuam: quia in te speravi.*

TH I mercy make me here a morwe,
for y have had yn the myn hope,
Help that y were out of borowe,
And all that beth thereynne ystope.
Lord that suffredest schame and sorowe,
And bleddest many a bloody drope,
for gostly bondes thu me boruwe,
That y were out of synne crope.

Ps. cxlii. 8.

*Notam fac michi viam, in qua ambulem:
quia ad te levavi animam meam.*

ECHE me thewey that y schal wende,
for y my soule to the have lift,
This worldes welthe hath sone a
hende,
And takith away a mannes thrift.
Therfor ihesu curteys and kynde,
Whos herte was on croys yclift,
Lat never fendes oure pathes blende,
Ne us encombre never eft.

Ps. cxlii. 9.

*Eripe me de inimicis meis domine, ad te
confugi: doce me facere voluntatem tu-
am, quia deus meus es tu.*

DELIVERE me lord from my fon
felle,
for straught to the yfled am y,
Teche me thi wyl for to fulfelle,
for thou art my god only.
Doun myn enemyes thou felle,
Receyve me to thi mercy,
That y may dredles yn thi duelle,
And thou yn me endelesly.

Ps. cxlii. 10.

*Spiritus tuus bonus deducet me in ter-
ram rectam: propter nomen tuum do-
mine vivificabis me, in equitate tua.*

GHI good gost schal me lede,
Streight ynto the lond of ryght,
And for thi name of ryghtfulhede,
Thou schalt me make quik and lyght.
Than schal y duelle out of drede,
War ever ys day and never nyght,
for grisly gost schal ther non grede,
On hem that beth in blisse bright.

Ps. cxlii. 11.

**Educes de tribulacione animam meam:
et in misericordia tua disperdes inimicos
meos.**

MI soule thu schalt brynge out of
care,
With mercy mi fon disparplye,
Make the deuel droupe and dare,
That he drawe me to no folye.
And god that y be noght maad bare,
Of al goodnesse that y can spye,
Yet awhile abyid and spare,
That y be mended or y dye.

Ps. cxlii. 12.

**Et perdes omnes, qui tribulant animam
meam: quoniam ego servus tuus sum.**

AND thu schalt lesyn that disseysyn
Mi soule, for y serve the,
Lat no more upon me reyson
The gostes tha haven grevyd me.
Send me grace the to pleysyn,
And vouchesaf whan dom schal be,
Yn hevene kyndom me to seysyn,
This graunte god yn persones thre.

THUS ends this rhymed version of the Penitential Psalms, found in a Manuscript of *Horæ Beatae Mariæ Virginis*, written at Gloucester about the year 1440, and now transcribed and edited by f. S. Ellis. Printed by William Morris, at the Kelmscott Press, 14, Upper Mall, Hammersmith. finished on the 15th day of November, 1894.



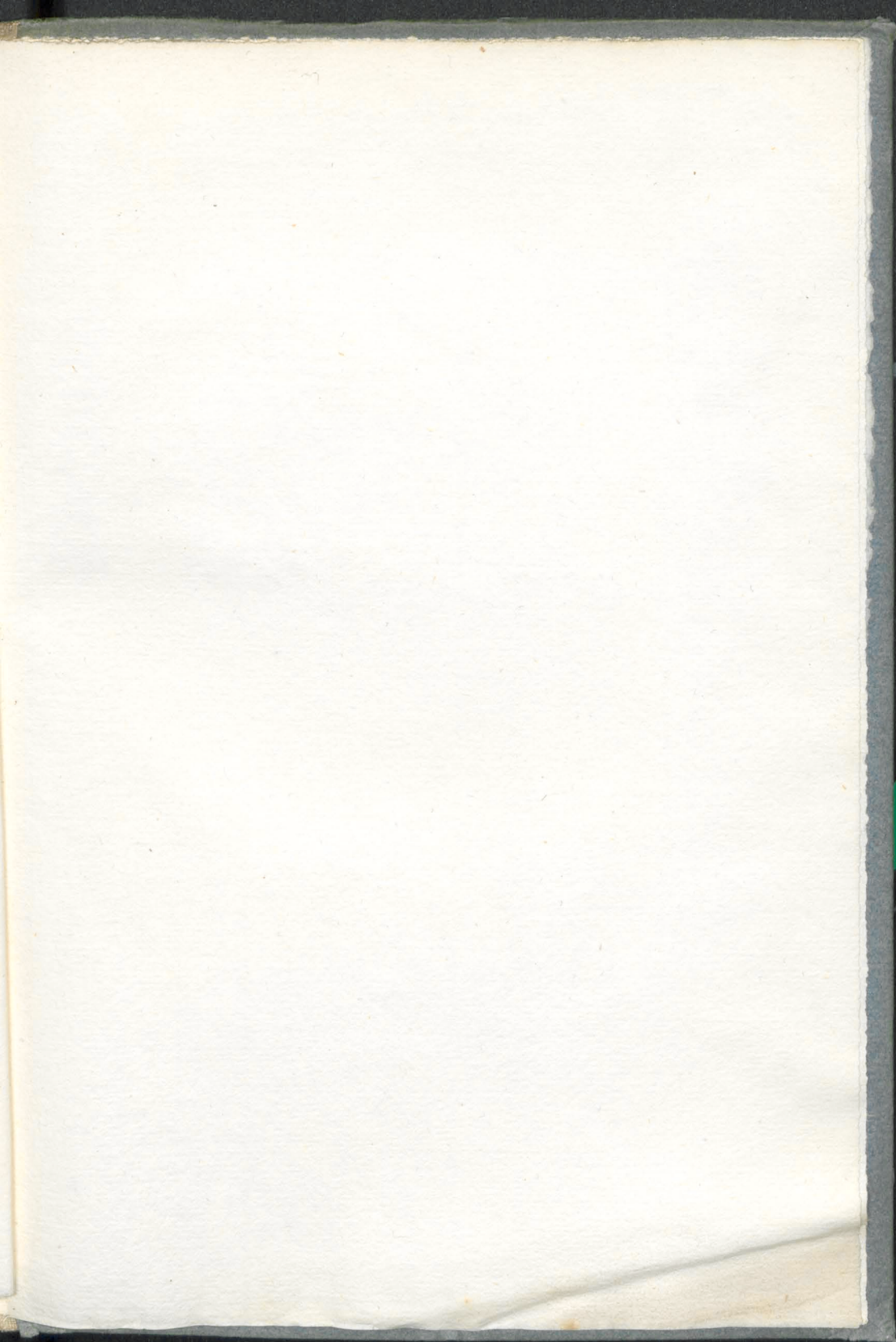
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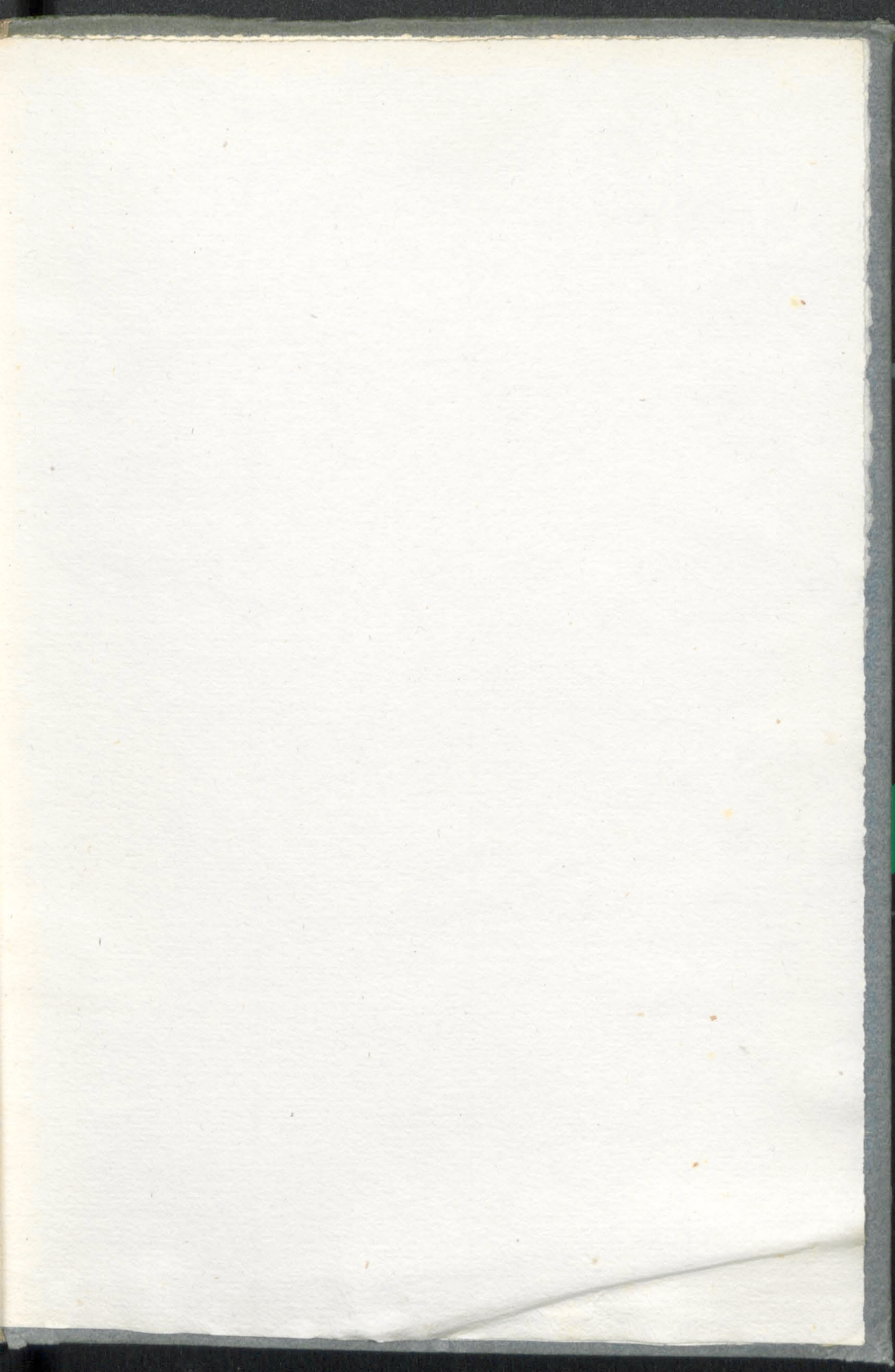
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